

## EIGHTH YEAR.

"Times" Advertising Rates.  
Line Schedule.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE LINE rates charged for advertising in the Los Angeles Times, published every day in the year:

SMALL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS. "Wanted," "For Sale," etc., 5 cents per line for each insertion, or \$1.00 per line for month, payable at the counter.

BY THE MONTH. DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS. In preferred position, 10 cents per line for each insertion. In other positions, 8 cents per line for each insertion. Higher rates for longer periods. One inch contains 10 Nonpareil lines; one column, 200 Nonpareil lines.

READING NOTICES. In leading Nonpareil space, per line, 15 cents. Professional cards, per line, 10 cents. For each insertion, 15 cents per line.

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Address, Telephone No. 79  
THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY,  
Third Building,  
N.E. cor. First and Fort sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

## Amusements.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

R. S. DOWLING, Lessee and Manager  
Three Nights and Saturday Matinee.  
Commencing Thursday, October 17.  
KOTY'S GREAT CHARACTER STUDY.

THE GREAT CHARACTER STUDY.  
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## LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1889.—TWELVE PAGES.

## The Bargain House.

J. M. Hale & Company,  
Nos. 7 and 9 N. Spring st.

## A DAY OF BARGAINS!

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16TH.

5000 YARDS WOOL FLANNEL DRESS

IN SUITINGS.

In Beautiful Plaids.

At 12% CENTS PER YARD.

Displayed in north show window. Good

values at 25 cents.

Just the thing for Tea Gowns, House Dresses,

Children's School Suits, etc. We do not guarantee

every thread wool, but we do guarantee this

line to be the best value ever offered in Los Angeles

by fully 50 per cent. We want you to see

the effect. Entire line displayed in show window.

5000 Yards

WOOL FLANNEL DRESS SUITINGS.

In Beautiful Plaids.

AT 12% CENTS PER YARD.

Blankets.

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## The Bargain House.

J. M. Hale & Company,  
Nos. 7 and 9 N. Spring st.

## OUR ANNUAL FALL BLANKET SALE.

FOR WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16TH.

500 PAIRS BLANKETS.

Red, Gray, White, all with fancy assorted borders.

As nearly equal in price as possible. All wool,

fine quality blankets. Three-fourths wool, fine

quality blankets. Half wool, fine quality blankets.

California wool, Ohio wool, Pennsylvania wool,

anything you can possibly ask for. \$4.00, \$4.00,

11-14. 15-14. We can give you any size you want

All displayed in show window. Read price

and description.

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THE LAWYERS MEET AND DISCUSS IT SERIOUSLY.

Wholesale and Retail, by  
**ING, SOLE AGENT**  
 Main Street, L. A.  
 Supply of the best brands of Foreign Gas  
 al. on which I am prepared to quote  
 es.  
**MAN FERNANDO AND RAILROAD S**  
 PHONE 1047.  
**SAVINGS BANK**  
 COMPANY.  
**H MAIN STREET.**  
 VICE-PRESIDENT.....CHAS. FORMAN  
 ..F. W. DE VAN.  
 ..J. Schallert, G. J. Griffiths, J. R. Lankers  
**EST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.**







## KILLED HIS MAN.

The Georgia Idea of Justice Illustrated.

A Chinese Theatrical Company Col-lapses American Fashion.

The Crusade Against New York's Electric Light Wires.

Oklahoma Half-breeds Roughly Handle a Guthrie Lawyer who Wanted Them to Sell Their Land.

By the way to the times.

ATLANTA (Ga.), Oct. 12.—[By the Associated Press.] The second bloody chapter in a history which began with the shooting of C. E. McGreggor in his own yard on Friday night, December 23, 1887, was enacted here today. McGreggor, who was killed in the killing of J. M. W. Cody by C. E. McGreggor, Cody had just ridden in from the country, and, after alighting from his buggy, started to walk up the street. McGreggor, who saw him from across the street, crossed over, and drawing a revolver, fired three shots at Cody, who died in a short time. Cody had been indicted by the Grand Jury for assault with intent to murder McGreggor, and the case was set for trial at the October term of court, which is held in Warrensburg this week. Cody was under bonds of \$5000 to be present at this court, but when the court convened today Cody was not present, and a bench warrant was issued for his arrest. He could not be found. Today, after the court adjourned, he rode into town.

McGreggor, after the killing, said to an Associated Press reporter: "When Cody deliberately evaded the law and flaunted his impudent defiance in my face, I was more than human nature could stand. If I could control that man for trying to assassinate me, I determined to do it myself."

McGreggor is a railroad agent at Warrensburg and has represented his county in the Legislature.

Cody was a prominent citizen of the place, worth \$40,000, and widely connected throughout the country.

BAD INDIANS.

A Guthrie Attorney Roughly Handled by Indians.

GUTHRIE (T. T.), Oct. 12.—[By the Associated Press.] W. H. Thompson, editor of the Guthrie Daily News, and attorney for the Iowa Indians, returned today after having experienced outrageous treatment at the Otoe Reservation. He went there last Wednesday with two interpreters, in his capacity as attorney for the Iowa Indians, to summate a plan for the removal of that tribe of 80 persons from their own reservation near Guthrie to that of Otoe, all the preliminaries for the transfer having been previously arranged.

A pow-wow was in full progress, when a party of half-breed scouts, hostile to the proposed removal, arrived at the point of the council. The interpreters took to the woods, and Thompson managed to reach Red Rock Station. He was discovered by pursuing Otoe scouts who at the point of a musket, marched him to the agent's house, where he was examined. He was finally allowed to go, after being refused food and shelter, and was obliged to walk to the nearest station.

This treatment is supposed to have been dictated by the fear that he would be instrumental in causing the Otoes to consent to opening their lands to settlement.

THEIR LAST ACT.

A Chinese Theater Company Goes to Pieces in New York.

New York, Oct. 12.—[By the Associated Press.] The Chinese theatrical company, which has been giving performances at the Oriental Theater, in the Bowery, for the past two months, has gone out of existence, and the members of the company are looking for means to keep themselves alive. For a time the venture was successful, but the novelty wore off, and the last of \$10,000, subscribed by Tom Lee, the Chinese Deputy Sheriff, and a band of his countrymen, was spent. The last week's expenses, however, have not given up hope of establishing a permanent Chinese theater in the city. He has engaged a new company of six Chinese actors, who recently arrived in California from China, and will open the Oriental again as soon as they arrive here.

THE DEADLY WIRES.

New York's Mayor at War with the Electric Light Companies.

New York, Oct. 12.—[By the Associated Press.] Mayor Grant this morning called a meeting of the Board of Electrical Control and a resolution was adopted for the immediate removal of all electric-light wires not properly installed. Before the work of removal could be done a temporary injunction was served on the Mayor restraining him from interfering with the wires of either the United States Illuminating Company or the Brush Electric Light Company.

An interview with Edison is printed this afternoon. He says that no insulation will make an electric-light wire safe, and that subways and insulation will alike prove ineffective, and that the only way to prevent loss of life is to regulate the pressure the same as the pressure of steam boilers is regulated.

The Lutherans.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 12.—[The session of the Lutheran Evangelical Council today was devoted to a general doctrinal discussion.]

THE WEST END.

Much Street Work—Formation of a Water Company—A Fire.

There will be a meeting at the Bryson-Bonbrake block, rooms 20 and 41, Tuesday, October 23d, of property owners in the Lick tract, adjoining the city northeast, for the purpose of perfecting the organization of the Edgemont Land and Water Company, which is to supply the Lick tract with water for both irrigation and drinking purposes.

Much street-grade work is now progressing in the West End. Contractor Crowley has nearly a score of men at work grading Edgeware road and water street. Contractor H. C. Register has about 40 teams with men at work on Bellevue avenue from Beaudry street at the Sisters' Hospital to reservoir No. 4. All the grading is within the Angeleno Heights tract. The latter job was let by the City Council to other parties, but recently re-let to Mr. Register at a saving of about \$1000. The work on Bellevue avenue will not be finished until along in the winter.

There was an alarm of fire from the corner of Belmont avenue and Temple street Friday night. The hose turned out, but the engine was unable to go on account of an injury sustained by one of the horses in the stable last week. The alarm was due to the bursting of a lamp. A down town engine and two hose-carts were sent up. Fortunately, the fire was put out without much trouble. The horses of the central engine were hitched up when they reached Belmont avenue. They appreciated the Temple-street grades if no one else does. The Fire Commissioners and Chief Strohm knew the alarm at No. 7 was unit for use several days before the fire.

Good houses for rent in the West End are scarce.

The new owners of the Park Congre-

gational Church are: Dr. H. G. Brainerd, chairman, board of trustees; J. Mills Davis, clerk; E. W. Coe, treasurer; T. W. Ensign, J. W. Dalton, making the board; C. A. Jeffers, deacon and superintendent of Sunday school; Miss Hattie Gower, assistant; T. W. Ensign, secretary; Miss Dolly O'Brien, treasurer; J. L. Tummond, librarian.

The Park Congregational Society has decided to give a Thanksgiving dinner; proceeds for the new opera chairs.

STATE AND COAST.

Orange county is harvesting 1000 acres of peanuts of excellent quality.

The grape crop of Sonoma County Farm has been sold to I. de Turk for \$6 a ton.

The editor of the Territorial Enterprise says: "If anybody a pair of skates to change for a linen duster?"

The inhabitants of Humboldt county boast of the fact that not a Chinaman lives or is permitted to set a foot in that county.

The San Francisco Post says a recent fire in that city was caused by the friction of a \$2000 insurance policy against a stock worth half that amount.

The Northwestern Funeral Directors' Association elected officers at Portland last week. It is understood that it is undertaking to form a trust.

The increase of the wool crop of Colorado has been so great within a few years that if it continues it will exceed the value of the output of her silver mines.

The China Valley Champion says: The Chinese are constantly leasing more fruit lands and adding to their canning and drying facilities. If enough Chinamen get into the State they will eventually control the fruit business.

The editor of the Kingston Shaft, New Mexico, sent to his correspondent at Hermosa for a letter. He responded by telegraph: "Three days' rain, snow on the mountains and two babies, all in one week."

A prospector named Dennis found indications of a gas well in Lyon Canyon, Ventura county. He touched it off with a match, and was blown on top of a big cactus. His beard and hair were singed, and one hand was badly scorched.

This is the way a good, honest, open-faced and pure country "gernalist," a correspondent from Niles, a suburb of Oakland, writes to the Evening Tribune of that city: "To show that our own gives evidence of future growth, we have the nucleus of a Chinatown as well. In addition to the washhouse, a small building has been put up for the purpose of a store, where rice, dried fish, etc., will be dealt out to the Chinese laborers of this section who may desire the same."

Santa Monica.

SANTA MONICA, Oct. 12.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] Of the tax levy of \$10,000, Marshal Barretto reports that \$2400 has reached the town treasury up to date.

The street cars will tie up for a few days, as the line is being changed on the Utah-avenue turnings. The work is being pushed through as rapidly as possible.

The Santa Barbara Islands, 60 miles out at sea, were visible today to the naked eye—an occurrence that has not happened before this year.

Judge Ling and H. Henderson arrived at the Arcadia overnight.

Mrs. T. H. Reynolds, Miss Nellie Reynolds and Miss Nellie Connors are now domiciled at the Arcadia.

J. W. Scott returned today from his trip to Los Angeles.

N. L. Conner and J. Pierce have taken rooms at the Arcadia.

R. P. Carter was in town today.

A Belligerent Chinaman.

Charlie Chung is a waiter in the Chinese restaurant on Marchessault alley, and as he has been converted to Christianity by the efforts of the local missionaries, he is somewhat in disfavor with the highlanders of China-town. At 10:30 p.m. Thursday last Charlie was conducting his business in an orderly manner, when Wong Fung stepped into the restaurant and, without a word of warning, struck Chung a severe blow on the cheek, following it up with a swinging right-hander on the back of the head, which laid Charlie hors de combat. Charlie failed to rise, but his cries brought Detective Wallin to the spot and he arrested Wong Fung and charged him with disturbing the peace. Fung came up before Judge Stanton yesterday and the case was continued till Tuesday.

Settling Their Differences.

At 8 o'clock yesterday evening Officer Shannon saw two men fighting on Aliso street, and a crowd around them evidently enjoying the affray. Shannon rushed in to stop the fight and placed both men under arrest, but with the help of one of the bystanders, James de Emilio, one of the combatants broke away and disappeared. Shannon brought the other man to the station where he gave the name of Alfred Patterson. He explained to the Chief that Arguello had a grudge against him, and had been waiting some time to satisfy it, and that when about to board the car for home Arguello had attacked him and he was obliged to defend himself. He promised to swear out a complaint against Arguello and was allowed to depart.

A Caution to Others.

Gus Meyer, who in driving down Main street on Friday last succeeded in upsetting an old lady and gentleman, did not appear in Judge Stanton's court yesterday to answer the charge of fast driving preferred against him. Meyer had put up \$10 bail for his appearance, but the Judge considered the case too flagrant for a light line, and fined Meyer \$15, and ordered an attachment for his arrest.

Diversified Farming.

[Perris (San Diego county) Union.] Diversified farming is our only hope and safe anchorage at this time, and in it is the whole business. Let the diversified interests be built up from our own land and means at hand, and the people who are engaged in the work will consume all the agricultural products, the market will be at home and the nation will go on in prosperity, which is something that no nation has yet done without diversified interests.

The Weather.

SIGNAL OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, Oct. 12.—At 5:07 a.m. the barometer registered 29.88; at 5:07 p.m., 29.92; thermometer for corresponding periods, 66°, 71°; maximum temperature, 87°; minimum temperature, 57°; weather cloudy.

INDICATIONS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12.—The Signal Service Office reports: Light local rains are indicated for Southern California.

EASTERN TEMPERATURES.

CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—Noon temperatures: Chicago, 52°; St. Louis, 50°; New Orleans, 70°; Cincinnati, 72°; New York, 60°.

## MAGAZINES.

Artistic Japan is an illustrated monthly journal of the arts and industries of that empire of marvelous art of which the world at large has, until within a few years, known so little. It is compiled by M. Ring of Paris, with the collaboration of the best authorities on Japanese art. No one who is best qualified for compiling such a work than M. Ring, for through his hands the greater portion of the treasures which have been received in Europe have passed, and he has himself collected a vast store of material for this work, which has been contemplated by him for many years.

Artistic Japan has been planned to supply a want which exists in the art world. Although it is now more than twenty years since the rulers of Japan allowed foreigners to enter the portals of that mysterious empire, its art, which has since been the wonderment of civilization, is still but little known and still less understood by the majority of those upon whom it should confer not only pleasure but profit.

Whatever obligations this contact with western nations may have brought to Japan, one thing is certain, that it has had a most disastrous effect on its art. No one with any understanding of artistic feeling can compare the products which are now being poured into this and other countries in such profusion, with the rare and beautiful specimens which form the cabinets of our collectors, without feeling that a decadence has set in.

Artistic Japan is, therefore, launched with the object of educating the public in the real art of the country, first, by reproductions of examples of the taste of the world has stamped as the purest and best, and which will be selected for their fitness to the requirements of every class of society; next, by treating of those who have made Japanese art the subject of study, and who are qualified to speak authoritatively on the subject.

Such a work is a labor of love, and cannot fail to meet with the highest appreciation of the lovers of true art. In addition to the rare illustrations, the text of the work is written in the most attractive style. It embodies not only the history of Japanese art, but the legendary lore connected with it. The work will be a delightful acquisition to the sources of our knowledge of that strange people who, living for centuries within the seclusion of their own Empire, yet developed such artistic perfection as to astonish the civilized world with the marvels of their productions. ("Artistic Japan," office 230 Fifth avenue, New York.)

The Century for October is at hand with a table of contents that will attract the eye of the thoughtful student of the world's affairs. The opening article, by George Kennan, "In East Siberian Silver Mines," is one of the intensely interesting series which he has been giving the readers of the Century for months past, and which have afforded such vivid pictures of that vast land of exile under the dominion of the Czar.

"Moliere and Shakespeare," from the pen of C. Coquelin of the Comedie Francaise, is another delightful paper, giving us a large glimpse of the life of its subject.

"Base-ball—For the Spectator," by Walter Camp, will be heartily enjoyed by the thousands interested in this national game. The history of "Abraham Lincoln" is continued by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, and it touches upon some of the most important and important events of his administration. The remaining contributions are meritorious and not lacking in scope or variety. (The Century Company, Union Square, New York.)

The Pacific Monthly for October presents a bright, clean appearance, and is the germ of what we may hope will develop into a popular and well-sustained magazine. The magazine opens with a charming poem, "October," from the pen of Lucy S. Hanna. It is the month's beauty set to rhyme and melody. "Astrological Photography" is a paper by Edward S. Holden, LL.D., the well-known director of the Lick Observatory, and is an article well worthy of his pen. "Sidney's Story" is written by Othman A. Stevens. It is a tragic ending—such as makes the reader sigh for something happier. "Castle Gate" is illustrated, and affords the reader a fine view of that impressive point on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. The remaining contributions are from the pens of our poets. The editorial department is filled with clear and well-digested thought upon popular subjects, and the department of "Literature" merits careful perusal. (Edwards &amp; Mercer, publishers, Los Angeles.)

The No Name Magazine is a bright, little monthly, which put in its first appearance with the coming of October. It starts out with the original plan of accepting no contributions from other than paid subscribers. The names of contributors are not published with their articles, but a certain sum is paid to those who rightly guess the authors' names. (American Press Company, Baltimore, Md.)

Babyland takes the little ones into fairyland these bright October days. Its contributions and illustrations are of the cutest, and can but glad the hearts of the wee ones. (D. Lathrop Company, Boston.)

Books Received.

THE WONDERFUL ACHATES. A Narrative by ANTHONY GOUGH, author of "A Woman of Sorrows." New York: The Judge Publishing Company.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

Santa Paula.

SANTA PAULA, Oct. 8.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] The new brick-and-stone block being erected by the Hardison-Stewart Company is rapidly approaching completion. It will be, when finished, an ornament to the town.

The new road to Simi will be finished in a few weeks, and will bring the cost about \$5000, and will bring the people of that rich valley within seven miles of Santa Paula. A large force of men is now at work.

There has been considerable inquiry of late at the real-estate offices. Farming land is in demand. A farmer who owns a ranch reports that 35 acres set to beans netted him \$3000. Oranges and other fruit trees do well in the valley. The Santa Clara River is one of the largest perennial streams in Southern California. This valley is well watered and the town of Santa Paula has an excellent water supply, and the land is improved by the construction of a large reservoir.

Several families from Phoenix, Ariz., have spent the summer here, and many more will come next season. The academy with excellent public school accommodations is an additional attraction to the climate for dwellers in the hot interior.

Among those who spent the season here are Mrs. Morford, wife of the editor of the Phoenix Herald, O. J. Christie and family, S. H. Campbell, a large fruit-grower of Arizona; E. H. Hiller, cashier of the Hartford Bank-

ing Company, and family, and Y. T. Smith, Treasurer of the Territory. These were all from Phoenix, and expressed themselves as highly pleased with Santa Paula. B. Foster, who is not thought that it will be of any serious injury to the bean crop, which is reported good this season. P.

THE TEACHERS.

The Second Institute—Proceedings—The Winship's Lecture.

The second institute of the school year was held in the High School building Pasadena yesterday morning.

After the usual devotional exercises, Superintendent Monroe introduced A. E. Winship, D.D., LL.D., of Boston, who addressed the teachers on the subject of "The Boy Out of School." Dr. Winship prefaced his lecture by saying that he had visited California twice before, but this is the first time educationally. He thought it was very hard to visit schools in California, because the temptation to drink in the natural beauties of the country is so great. He said he was proud to be in a State where teachers are appreciated—where the highest average salary of any State in the Union is paid to teachers.

The following is a résumé of his lecture: There are two classes of teachers, those who consider knowledge the highest qualification, and those who think familiarity with and skill in the use of methods to be of prime importance. But my emphasis shall be upon the child taught, rather than upon subject or method.

The boy of the subject of this lecture never got into books. He is a real, genuine boy, and his life is a real, genuine life. What is true of the boy may apply to the girl.

The boy's period of growth may be divided into three stages. From 1 to 7 years may be regarded as the period of sense development; from 7 to 12 the acquisition period; from 12 to 18 the analytic period. The character of the boy, instead of being born with him, depends upon subsequent training.

After the boy begins to grow his first characteristic is sense hunger. He will examine any object at this stage more accurately than he will at any other stage. Everything within his reach, he is so sense hungry he can't help it. The child makes his own vocabulary. He makes the grammar, subsequently taught him, before he is 3 years of age. First comes sense hunger, then word hunger, then memory hunger.

During the acquisition stage the boy's hunger leads him to ask questions continually.

At the time the analytic period begins the boy will stop asking questions. He gradually dawns upon him that he knows more than he will ever know again. He would rather die than ask a question. Give him a book, and he will always remember the person who first styles him Miser. You must appreciate these boys. Love them, respect them, make men of them.

HOW TO QUESTION.

Mrs. Burr read an excellent paper on this subject. She showed the difference between education and instruction. "Education" means the pouring in process and education the drawing-out process.

The mind of the child is no longer to be regarded as a hollow ball, to be filled and crammed with facts.

A cognate science is the nature of the mind and its relation to soul and body.

She distinguished between teaching and education, between teacher and educator.

The object of the school is to present a subject, or object of study involves questioning.

Logical questioning can only be acquired through a study of psychology. The simplest textbook is the child.

She urged teachers not to use questions which suggest the answer, and direct questions.

SOME QUESTIONS.

City Superintendent Monroe, in his usual happy manner, answered some questions which had been referred to him by the teachers. After giving some general directions to principals and teachers of the city, he took up the question of "Solid spelling." He said: "Solid words are not spelled; they are pronounced. Written words are not pronounced; they are spelled."

THE BOY IN SCHOOL.

Dr. Winship's second lecture was as entertaining as the first. He dwelt upon the three forces in the education of the boy—the home, the school and the church. The work of the school should be made rhythmic. Another process of the school is discipline. The school should be a place where the child must be taught to stand upon his feet and to blend himself with others. The doctor's lecture was replete with illustrations.

NOTES.

Teachers were present from Los Angeles, Anaheim, Santa Monica, Monrovia, Garvan, and other towns.

Among the visiting teachers were the Misses Murphy, Rouse, Mosler, Knapp, Mrs. Byron, Miller and Stollenberg.

There were about 100 visitors present at the institute.

Miss Burr's philanthropic talks are worth their weight in gold to any parent or teacher.

Supt. Monroe is a fine institute conductor, and under his management they are an important feature in the school system.

Among the visitors present were noticed Profs. Foshy, Evans, Moynihan, Van Gorder, Rowell, and Drs. Plummer and Gunn.

Smoke Gath, warranted Havana, 5 cents.

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try Beecham's Pills.

ABSOLUTELY pure—Elgin Condensed Milk.

HIGHLY nutritious—Elgin Condensed Milk.

UNEXCELLED—Elgin Condensed Milk.

Millinery.

TAYLOR'S

PALACE OF MILLINERY!

225 South Spring Street.

MRS. M. LOUISE TAYLOR.

Late Proprietor of the Millinery Department at J. T. Sheward's.

Request your presence at the Opening Exhibit of Imported Pattern Bonnets and Hats!

FINE MILLINERY!

Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

October 10th, 11th and 12th.

This display will represent the artistic beauty and elegance of FRENCH STYLES and the construction of our superior artists, and we feel confident that it will be the finest display we have ever made.

We are Direct Importers and Manufacturers.

Of High Art Millinery, and carry the largest stock in this city, and guarantee our prices to be as low as any house in the world for the quality of the goods.

We have a large variety of CHILDREN'S HATS, and a large stock of MILLINERY.

N.B.—No connection with any other millinery establishment in this city.

OPENING OF

Fall and Winter Millinery!

AT THE

"FAMOUS."

NO. 123 SOUTH SPRING ST.

Ladies are cordially invited to inspect our goods and judge of our prices. No Cards.

MRS. E. J. EDWARDS.

Hotel del Coronado.

HOTEL del CORONADO

SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

Is the Most Remarkable

AND

Magnificent Structure!

On the Continent of America.

The atmosphere around it is of that wooing, soothing, genial nature which makes the climate of the peninsula whereon this gorgeous structure stands at once preservative and restorative.

CORONADO NATURAL MINERAL WATER

Used at the hotel, is pure and wholesome and has been the means of curing many visitors who have arrived there suffering from 2 knee troubles. It is a pleasant beverage for ordinary use and stands far ahead of any imported or artificial water for table use. It is an excellent and invigorating tonic for the whole bodily system and is fast gaining a high reputation as a del. of all ailments for drugs.

E. S. BABCOCK, Jr., Manager.

Maps showing floor plans, also rates can be secured and printed matter can be had at the

HOTEL del CORONADO

Excursion and Information Agency.

Cor. Spring and Franklin Sts., (Near the Santa Fe office), LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Real Estate.

GRAZING LAND

IN

VENTURA COUNTY!

AT LOW PRICES.

IN TRACTS AS FOLLOWS:

4,500 acres, at \$2.50 per acre

1,400 acres, at \$2.50 per acre

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**JOHN RICHARDS & CO.,**  
40 California street, San Francisco, and at  
Washington. D.C. Home and Foreign Patents.  
Send for Circulars.







## THE CITY IN BRIEF.

The Young Morris Vineyards defeated the Young Bonnie Braes by a score of 25 to 13, yesterday.

T. Lazorevich, charged by Officer Rich with violating the hitching ordinance, was fined \$5 by Judge Stanton yesterday.

A light sprinkle of rain fell about 9 o'clock last evening, and the sky was overcast the rest of the night, with good indications of a heavier downpour.

Paul Walsh was arrested by Officer Del Valle yesterday evening on a warrant charging him with disturbing the peace on the 1st of October last. He was released on \$25 cash bail.

Judge Stanton yesterday dismissed the charges against Giuseppe Longo and Quong Wa, charged with peddling without a license. Both men were selling fruit, for which no license is required.

Judge McKinley yesterday allowed Mrs. H. J. A. Stubb, alimony in the sum of \$80 a month, pending the settlement of the divorce proceedings between herself and husband, and \$50 attorney's fees.

C. L. Dodge was brought to the station at 7:30 yesterday evening and booked for medical treatment. He had a bad cut over his right eye the result of a fall while endeavoring to board the Boylston cable car.

Joseph Workman of Boyle Heights is still suffering from the effects of his accident on the cable car at the corner of Main and First streets. His injuries are more severe than was at first anticipated, and he is in a very serious condition.

One of Ventura's most substantial citizens, William Sexton, has purchased a handsome residence property in Fort Street for \$11,000, and is intending to build a large ranch in the Ventura area. Mr. Sexton will reside in Los Angeles.

Diplomas have just been awarded by the Los Angeles Business College and English Training School to the following young people: Miss Eva Solomon, Miss Manuela Garcia, Mendel S. Meyer, Edward O. Straub, Walter G. Legg and Milton Carlson.

The friends of Mrs. L. Cantin, formerly of this city, will be sorry to learn of his serious illness. He is lying dangerously sick in the Sisters' Hospital at Seattle, Wash. During the great fire he was carried out of his office in an unconscious condition, and has been very ill ever since.

The Temple-street Ball Nine defeated the Bonnie Braes yesterday by a score of 22 to 9. The batteries were Thomas and Buskirk for the Temple-street, and Allen and Dunkelberger for the Bonnie Braes. The same clubs will play next Saturday at the Eighth and Hope-street grounds at 2 p.m.

## PERSONAL NEWS.

W. A. Thompson of Yuma is in the city.

Niles Seale, Jr., of San Pedro was in town yesterday.

M. A. Wertheimer of San Diego is visiting Los Angeles.

S. J. Fleming of South Pasadena was at the Hollenbeck.

C. Frankenthal, W. C. Marshall, Albert Betzel and M. Conen of San Francisco are guests of the Hollenbeck.

Judge W. S. Bowers of Topeka Kan., is in the city. This is his third visit to California, and will result in his becoming a permanent resident.

See the Saturday Public Ledger papers carefully today.

## A CAR ACCIDENT.

A Chinaman Who Jumped Off Backward.

At 4:30 p.m. yesterday a message was received at the police station that a man had been badly injured on the Downey-avenue bridge, and the patrol wagon was dispatched immediately. On arriving at the spot a Chinaman was found extended on the sidewalk, surrounded by a small crowd. He was unconscious, and was placed on the stretcher and removed to the station. There he was attended by Dr. Brainerd, who, after a careful examination, decided that no bones were broken and that the injured man would probably soon recover from the effects of the shock he had received.

The Chinaman lives out in the country and had boarded car No. 78 of the cable road system with the intention of leaving it at the foot of the Downey-avenue bridge. On reaching the crest of the bridge grade and without ringing for the car to stop, the Chinaman jumped off backward and fell with considerable force against the plank roadway, striking his head against the boards and narrowly escaping being run over by the car.

A Card.

STATE LICENSE FOR DENTISTS FOUND TO BE UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

Noticing a card in the Evening Express, headed "An Unlicensed Dentist," and naming me as such, in justice to myself I wish to say that the decision in my case, which came before the Court, has been given in my favor; and, acting on the advice of my counsel, Messrs. Bower & Grant, I am to be found at my office, 2141 South Spring street, Breed block, ready to offer my services to the public as usual.

I am the inventor and patentee of process of forming sets of artificial teeth with improved appliances: motive power used. Certificate recorded with County Recorder in Los Angeles, July 2, 1888. Letters patent granted April 13, 1870. Numbers of patents, 62,128 and 62,129, at Washington, D. C., U. S. Master of Dental Science, degree of Pennsylvania. Respectfully,

DR. CHARLES A. WHITE.

Merick Will Tell.

The Davis Vertical Feed Sewing Machine has again distanced all competitors. It was awarded first prize at the Sixth District Agricultural Fair, Los Angeles, September, 1888. The Los Angeles County Fair, Downey, October, 1889, and the first prize at the Santa Barbara Fair, October, 1889. It is undoubtedly the best family sewing machine manufactured in America.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.), Oct. 10, 1889. Notice is hereby given that Mr. L. W. Blinn has this day been appointed manager for the San Pedro Lumber Company, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Merick Reynolds. San Pedro Lumber Company, John A. Hooper, President.

## MOZART'S LOW PRICES.

It is Astonishing with What Rapidity It Becomes Known.

Every lady in town knows of Mozart's Popular Store. And why? Because of the 75 and square method of doing business on small profits. No one offers fashionable millinery as low. Every lady in justice to herself should call and see our Hats and learn our prices. Other departments are full of bargains. We are offering a corset worth \$1 for 25c. Complete lines of ladies' Hosiery from \$5c per pair. Children's Hose, 6c a pair. Child's knit Vests, 10c. Eastern Wraps, 4c.

Mozart's, 140 South Spring street.

SCHOOL SHOES, at reduced prices, at M. Sogal's shoe store, 119 North Spring street.

## PEOPLE'S STORE.

## THE BENEFITS OF OUR MONSTER SALES.

Our Methods Are Original in Every Detail—Our Monster 25-cent Sale for Tomorrow.

What a benefit our monster sales are to the public! It is readily seen by every one that our customers and the purchasing public are benefited by our monster Monday sales. It is useless to go into details to show the praises and compliments we have received from our numerous patrons.

Our plan of selling many items at the same price is one of the greatest of our success. It enables you to select your wants, and to know just what to expect for them.

Our business methods are original in every detail—no misrepresentation or exaggeration. We stake our reputation upon the perfectly-correct and reliable description which we guarantee, and this makes our gigantic sales such pronounced successes.

This time our monster sale for tomorrow is far above and the peer of anything we have yet represented. We strive to outdo everything we sell or advertise, and this time you will be rewarded greater than ever.

Our business methods are original in every detail—no misrepresentation or exaggeration. We stake our reputation upon the perfectly-correct and reliable description which we guarantee, and this makes our gigantic sales such pronounced successes.

This time our monster sale for tomorrow is far above and the peer of anything we have yet represented. We strive to outdo everything we sell or advertise, and this time you will be rewarded greater than ever.

Men's merino shirts, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's fine socks, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's satin Scarfs, new styles, worth 50c each, 25c  
Men's solid colored half Hose, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's fine, heavy, beautifully finished Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's silk stock balbriggan half Hose, worth 50c, per pair, 25c  
Men's plain white beautifully finished Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's checked waincoat shirts, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's fine black Hose, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's silk and satin dress Socks, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's plain white corded border Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's elastic suspenders, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's dark worsted knee Pants, ages 4 to 9, worth 50c, per pair, 25c  
Men's fancy striped half Hose, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's scarf Pins, fancy setting, worth 75c, each, 25c  
Men's patent rolled gold collar Buttons, worth 75c, each, 25c  
Men's "Coco" Collars, worth 25c, two for, 25c  
Men's gauze Undershirts, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's fancy striped half Hose, worth 50c, per pair, 25c  
Men's fine thread Hose, worth 50c, per pair, 25c  
Men's straw Hats, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's all colors, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Men's velvet, worth 75c, per yard, 25c  
Forty-four-inch colored camel-hair Cloth, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Forty-two-inch black camel-hair Cloth, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Thirty-eight-inch all-wool Dress Goods, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Double-colored, all-wool Albatross, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
All-wool Serge, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Twilled gray Flannel, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Linen Napkins, worth 50c, 12 for, 25c  
Soudan Cloth, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
All-linen Towels, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Large satin damask Towels, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Fancy Turkish Towels, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Large, heavy, Turkish bath Towels, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Fancy Japanese Fans, worth 50c, per pair, 25c  
Brabant trimming Lace, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Ladies' fancy double-breasted Rose, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Turkish Stand-over, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Checked Table Napkins, worth 50c, per dozen, 25c  
Silk Dress Ornaments, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Silk and wool Upholstering Fringe, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Ladies' extra heavy, high, novelty Hose, worth 50c, per pair, 25c  
Worsted Wrap Trimming, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Ladies' muslin Chemise, lace trimmed, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Ladies' muslin Drawers, lace trimmed, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Ladies' muslin Gowns, trimmed with lace and ruffle, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Ladies' muslin Corset Covers, trimmed with lace and embroidery, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Ladies' lawn, sorin and gingham Aprons, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Children's seersucker Dresses, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Children's muslin Chemise, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Children's muslin Drawers, worth 50c, each, 25c  
White Embroideries and Insertions, some 18 inches wide, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Nottingham lace Curtain Net, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Brass and silver Curtain Chains, worth 50c, per pair, 25c  
Table Oilcloth, 14 yards wide, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Ladies' rolled gold Watch Fobs, worth 75c, each, 25c  
"Famleroy" Collars, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Ladies' embroidered Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Ladies' silk Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Child's Jewel Set, worth 75c, per set, 25c  
Gros-grain silk Ribbons, worth 50c, per yard, 25c  
Ladies' hemstitched Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Ladies' Money-purses, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Ladies' lace Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Broadened and Japanese silk Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Fancy Ruching, latest styles, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Gents' colored hemstitched Handkerchiefs, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Pompons, all colors, worth 50c, per dozen, 25c  
Ladies' Hose Supporters, worth 50c, per pair, 25c  
Pink, full count, worth 50c, 12 papers for, 25c  
Gosselin's Cherry Tooth Paste, worth 50c, per box, 25c  
Chamois Skins, extra large size, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Metal Puff-boxes, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Rabbit Powder-puffs, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Crystal Tooth Brush Holder, with bone handled Tooth Brush, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Langtry Curling-Irons, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Celluloid Dressing-combs, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Pear's Glycerine Soap, worth 25c, two cakes for, 25c  
Rose Water, finest toilet water made, worth 50c, per bottle, 25c  
Chadwick's Spool Cotton, eight spools for, 25c  
Leather Dog-collars, nickel name plate, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Two-foot folding Rules, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Double school Slates, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Kid-boddy bisque-headed Dolls, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Lunch Baskets, large size, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Laid Pencils, rubber tapped, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Shawl Straps, two straps, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Paper and Envelopes, worth 50c, per box, 25c  
Collapsible Cups, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Watch-case Cups, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Chadwick's Spool Cotton, eight spools for, 25c  
Bisque-headed jointed-body Dolls, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Pocket-knives, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Transparent drawing Slates, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Lead Pencils, rubber tapped, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Shawl Straps, two straps, worth 50c, each, 25c  
One-fourth ream Note Paper, worth 50c, for, 25c

Two hundred and fifty envelopes, best paper, worth 50c, for, 25c  
Corsets, several styles, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Ladies' Pansies, worth 50c, each, 25c  
Large, fancy dress Buttons, worth 50c, per dozen, 25c  
Chadwick's Spool Cotton, eight spools for, 25c  
Long Hosiery, worth 50c, each, 25c

HAT DEPARTMENT.  
Men's mixed straw Hats, 25c; worth 50c.  
Men's cloth Caps, 50c; worth 75c.  
Boys' blue cloth Caps, with waterproof cover, 50c; worth 75c.  
Boys' gray, brown or black soft felt Hats, 50c; worth 75c.  
Men's black soft wool Hats, 50c; worth 75c.  
The "Chautauque" Feather-weight Crusher for ladies or gents, 50c; worth 75c.  
Men's hand-made felt Hats, \$1.25; worth \$2.  
Men's velvet finished soft Hats, \$1.95; worth \$2.50.

SHOE DEPARTMENT.  
Men's genuine kangaroo Shoes, \$2.75; worth \$3.  
Ladies' extra high-cut, 15-button Shoes, \$2.25; worth \$3.  
Alma shoe Polish, 15c a bottle; worth 25c.  
Children's bright dongola kid Shoes, sizes 8 to 12, \$1.10 a pair.  
Misses' American kid Shoes, \$1.25; worth \$2.  
Boys' calf Shoes, London toe and tip, \$1.45; worth \$2.50.  
Misses' American kid button Shoes, \$1.25; worth \$2.  
Ladies' American kid button Shoes, \$1.25; worth \$2.  
Men's calf Congress Shoes, \$1.75; worth \$3.  
PARASOL AND JERSEY DEPARTMENT.  
All wool shoulder Shawls, \$5; worth \$1.  
Navy blue blouse Jerseys, \$1.49; worth \$2.  
GLOVE DEPARTMENT.  
Ladies' Berlin II-Je Gloves, in tan, gray and black, 15c; worth 25c.  
Ladies' Padenette kid Gloves, in tan, brown and black, 15c; worth 25c.

Looking Backward, by Bellamy, 35c; Golden Days, by Edna Lyall, 35c; A Knight Errant, by Edna Lyall, 35c; A Hardy Norseman, by Lyall, 35c; A Legal Wreck, by Gillette, 35c; My Little Barbican, by Uchard, 35c; L'Arsommoir, by Zola, 35c; A Transient Guest, by Sallust, 35c; A Woman's Story, by Tolstoy, 35c, and hundreds of others.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.  
Tops, 25c; worth 50c.  
Tops in all colors and extra quality, 25c; worth 50c.  
Wings, 10c; worth 25c.  
A large assortment of Wings, in all the leading shades, 10c; worth 25c.  
Hats, 50c; worth \$1.50.  
The latest shapes for Fall and winter wear, in felt and straw, 50c; worth \$1.50.  
Besides these we are constantly receiving new styles, shapes and trimmings. All at the lowest quoted prices.

The latest effects in trimmed Hats. A few of the new styles of ladies' trimmed Hats, which we must admit are much more exquisite than those shown this season will be placed in our millinery department on Monday. The styles are so numerous and the quantity so large that it is an utter impossibility to describe them.

We will be pleased to have you call at which time we will take great pleasure in showing you each and every style. We boast upon having more patterns than the combined millinery stores in the town.

PLUNDER STORE.  
19 NORTH MAIN STREET.  
Special drives in Underwear and Shirts. Come at once before sizes are broken.  
Sanitary wool Shirts and Drawers, 50c; regular price, 60c.  
Merino Shirts and Drawers, 75c; regular price, 85c.  
Red Flannel Shirts and Drawers, 75c; regular price, 85c.  
Natural wool Shirts and Drawers, 75c; regular price, 85c.  
Fancy flannel Shirts, 25c; regular price, 35c.  
Moleskin Shirts, 25c; regular price, 35c.  
Casimere Shirts, 25c; regular price, 35c.  
Blue flannel Shirts, 25c; regular price, 35c.  
All-wool blue flannel Shirts, 25c; regular price, 35c.  
Fancy worsted Pants, 41; regular price, 50c.  
Fancy corduroy Pants, 41; regular price, 50c.  
Heavy union casimere Pants, 41; regular price, 50c.  
Tailor-made business Suits, \$40; regular price, \$50.  
All-wool Scotch eastman Suits, 41; regular price, 50c.  
The above goods are all new, and made at our factory in New York.  
PLUNDER STORE, 19 N. MAIN ST.

Butter, Butter, Butter.  
Good grade per roll, 25 cents; good fresh Butter per roll, 35 cents; creamery Butter per roll, 40 cents; choice Creamery per roll, 45 cents; cooking Butter per roll, 35 cents; Iowa creamery per pound, 25 cents; best California Cheese per pound, 15c. No. 25 and 35 South Spring street.

McConnell, the Tailor,  
213 West First street, has the largest stock in the city. No old goods. Everything new. A fit guaranteed.

FAMILIES, ATTENTION! Roast hot and cold Meats, boiled Ham and Tongue, pickled delicacies. Rusche & Dorey, 244 S. Spring.

PITTED OLIVES, something new, at H. Jerve's.

SUPERIOR TO ALL—Elgin Condensed Milk.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Tailors.

GORDAN BROS.

THE LEADING TAILORS

22 SOUTH SPRING ST.,

Opposite the Nadeau Hotel,

LOS ANGELES.

BRANCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

HAVE OPENED THEIR

FALL NOVELTIES!

Suits Made to Order at

Reduced Prices.

The finest and largest stock of wool-

lens to select from. The only direct

importers of woollens on the Pacific

Coast.

JOE POHEIM,

THE TAILOR,

Makes the best fitting clothes in the

State. Fine tailoring at prices 35 per

cent. less than any other house on the

Pacific Coast.

The latest designs of Fall and Winter

Goods now on Exhibition.

203 Montgomery Street,

724 Market Street,

1110-1112 Market Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

BRANCH STORES:

40 & 51 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

1021 and 1023 Fourth St., San Diego.

105, 107 and 109 Santa Clara St., San Jose.

1002 J Street, Sacramento.

73 Morrison St., Portland, Oregon.

Medical.  
**CATARRH**  
Throat Diseases, Brucella, Asthma,  
Consumption,  
Together with Diseases of the Eye, Ear  
and Heart, successfully treated by  
**M. HILTON WILLIAMS,**  
M.D., M.G.P.A.O.  
Hollenbeck Block, cor. Spring and Second  
sts., Los Angeles, Cal.  
All Diseases of the Respiratory Organ treated  
by the  
**Compound Oxygen**  
And other Medicated Inhalations.

CATARRH  
is often regarded by the patient as a cold in the head, and he often expresses his astonishment at his remarkable tendency to contract a fresh cold. Indeed he declares he is scarcely free from one cold before he takes another; and he is always exceedingly careful. It is a matter of surprise to him that the cold always seems to settle in the head and the throat.

At times many of the symptoms of catarrh may seem to abate, and the patient is led to hope that the disease is about to wear off; but another class of symptoms soon appear, and he learns to his horror that instead of recovery the disease is somewhat changed in its character, and has extended to the throat. A sense of warmth in sometimes felt in reading, speaking or singing, hoarseness at times occurs, a sore throat, or it appears sometimes from the nose, or it appears that some foreign substance, as, for instance, a hair, obstructs the throat; there becomes a sense of languor and fatigue, the breath comes upon a little exertion, a short, hacking cough, a powerful sound in clearing the throat, a feeling as though there was not room enough in the chest to breathe; these and other symptoms occur after the disease has made considerable progress. Then it is a time when consumption is about to begin its dreadful work. Up to this point the progress of the disease may have been slow, and the patient may, in expressing his confident hope that it will "wear off," declare that he has had the catarrh for years and has not seemed to become much worse, and trusts he will "by and by" recover. But the delusion is the great error which has peopled our country with consumptive persons, as all forms of catarrh end finally in consumption.

The great danger, however, because the most common, is that it will extend downward and affect the lungs. In most cases of pulmonary disease, the disease is present to some degree, and in many instances it causes a large share of the patient's troubles. All of these are liable to spring from catarrh of the nose, which is usually unperceived, and is sufficiently unpleasant. It occasions great uneasiness to thousands of both sexes by irritating them and preventing their settlement in life. An offensive running from the nose, with food breath, is about as great a calamity as can befall young men, and it is a matter of surprise that so many of them are not cured by our new system of practice.

I have seen so many of these cases cured that I do not consider them as extraordinary. Unless both lungs are seriously involved, even the most advanced case of catarrh of the nose, if treated in time, is a matter of days, and the patient is cured. The very best reference from those already cured.

CONSULTATION FREE.  
Those who desire to consult with me in regard to their cases had better call at my office for consultation and examination, but if impossible to do so, can write for a copy of my Medical Treatise, containing a list of questions. Address  
**M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M.D.,**  
The Hollenbeck,  
Corner Second and Spring sts., Los Angeles.  
Office hours—9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

General Auction.  
**COMMISSION HOUSE.**  
W. E. BEESON,  
119 & 121 W. Second St.,  
Between Spring and Fort Sts.  
AUCTION, STORAGE & COMMISSION.  
PEREMPTORY SALES OF  
New and Secondhand Furniture,  
On Wednesday, Oct. 16th, and  
Saturday, Oct. 19th,  
At 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.  
Horses, Buggies, etc., every Saturday at 10 a.m. Outside Sales made on Wednesday and Saturday.  
**REN O. RHOADES, Auctioneer.**

Unclassified.  
**SPECIAL NOTICE**  
**THE SILVER MOON**  
RESTAURANT,  
No. 42 South Main Street,  
Between First and Second.  
The Finest 25-cent Meal in the City,  
with Ice Cream.  
21 MEAL TICKETS, \$4.50.  
C. C. DURKEE, Prop'r.

**MRS. DR. WELLS,**  
FIRST LADY LICENTATE OF  
Nursing, has many years been  
successful practicing in the city in private  
cases of her sex. Urinary and rectal diseases  
treated with skill by new methods, without  
knife or caustic. Prompt relief from first  
trouble. Great relief. No return. No  
increase in strength and weight. To children  
wives the blessings of offspring. Speedily  
cures old sore legs, varicose veins. Chronic  
cases of diarrhoea, colitis, no matter how  
long standing. Call at office and see testimo-  
nial of hopeless cases cured. NO. 408 SOUTH  
FORT STREET, CORNER FIFTH.

**ILICH'S Restaurant.**  
Recently Refurnished Throughout.  
First Class in Every Particular.  
**OYSTERS IN ALL STYLES.**  
Open Day and Night.  
41 and 43 North Main Street.  
JERRY ILICH, Proprietor.  
**HIGHEST CASH PRICE**  
—PAID FOR—  
Cast-off CLOTHING.  
Orders by mail promptly attended to.  
Address—  
**C. MORRIS, 110 COMMERCIAL ST.**

**PECK, SHARP & NEITZKE CO.,**  
Undertakers & Embalmers,  
NO. 40 N. MAIN ST.,  
Telephone No. 61. Los Angeles, Cal.  
OPEN ALL NIGHT.

**C. F. HEINZEMAN,**  
Druggist and Chemist,  
NO. 122 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
Prescriptions carefully compounded day or  
night.

Dry Goods—J. T. Sheward &amp; Co.

**J. T. SHEWARD**  
13 & 15 N. SPRING ST.

**BOYS' CLOTHING**  
And Outfitting Department.

**GREAT BARGAINS!**

—IN—

**BOYS' KNEEPANTS!**

We have just received from an eastern manufacturer of Boys' Pants a large shipment bought fully 50 per cent. below the regular price

And Will Give Mothers the Benefit of Our Purchase!

LOT 1991—25 dozen pairs nice Mixed Cassimere, NOW \$1.00.  
manufactured to sell at \$1.85,

LOT 1916—20 dozen pairs Gray Mixed Cassimere, NOW \$1.00.  
former price, \$1.75,

LOTS 2004 and 2005—13 dozen pairs Fancy Whipcord, everlasting wear, formerly \$2.25, NOW \$1.25.

LOT 2017—10 dozen pairs Dark Striped Imported Cassimere, former price \$2.75, NOW \$1.50.

LOT 1993—5 dozen pairs Camellette Mixture, former price \$1.25, NOW 75 Cts.

**BOYS' CASSIMERE SCHOOL SUITS,**

To Fit Boys from 5 to 13 Years,

**\$3.00, Fully Worth \$4.50.**

**CHILDREN'S KILT SUITS,**

In Fancy Cassimeres, Imported Scotch Cheviots and Italian Velvets, for play or dress wear,

At 30 Per Cent. Below Regular Clothing House Prices!

**Boys' Shirt Waists in Great Variety!**

—IN OUR—

**HOUSE FURNISHING & UPHOLSTERY**

**DEPARTMENT,**

We are Showing a Large Assortment in

**WHITE AND COLORED BLANKETS!**

**COMFORTERS,** from the Cheapest Grade to the Finest Eiderdown. **PILLOWS,** All Sizes and Grades.

**Curtain Draperies, Portieres, Etc.**

**Window Shades and Shade Cloths Furnished and Put Up**  
On the Shortest Notice.

**JUST IN, A NEW LOT OF WALNUT, ASH AND EBONY**

**CURTAIN POLES**

**AND FIXTURES!**



## THE NEWSBOY.

## HOW HE WORKS AND LIVES, STRUGGLES AND ENDURES.

Hours Spent with the City's Big Battalion of Street Arabs—Down in the River's Sands—Life Among the Lowly—On the Streets—Selling Papers—Battles and Triumphs.

"Paper, sir; paper? TIMES—Herald Examiner—Chronicle—nickel a copy!" was the cry that saluted a TIMES reporter's ears the other morning as he stood upon one of our busiest streets watching our newsboys playing



their avocations. It was a curious and interesting study to watch them. They were full of business enterprise, courage, vim and energy. A passing stranger hailed one of the numerous little arabs that lined the steps of a leading bank. Instantly a dozen youngsters were on their feet pushing and gestulating and crying, "Here you are, sir! Buy this way—Times, sir?" "Yes, sir; here's a copy!" The stranger smiled indulgently, and the many hands outstretched to grasp his nickel, and as his eyes fell upon one lad he noticed that his foot had been mashed at the ankle, so that only a round stump remained. He purchased his paper from this lad, while the others fell back, one of them saying, "That's Puchio's luck; ain't it?" Puchio was the crippled youth, and his deformity helped his sale.

The reporter called Puchio over to him and the boy came rushing forward, eager expectancy shown in every feature of his countenance; but his hopeful look died away when he discovered that there was no sale in this call. "Well, how is it coming?" asked the reporter.

"Rocky," replied Puchio. "Say, give a feller a cigarette, will yer?" he continued. The reporter produced the weed, and in a minute Puchio was puffing away contentedly at the cigarette.

"What's your name, my boy?" asked the TIMES man.

"William McArthur, sir."

"What do the boys call you?"

"Puchio."

"Where do you live, Puchio?"

"Down on Center street."

"Well, Puchio," said the reporter, "how much do you earn a day?"

"Oh," replied the boy, "when biz is good, I kin rustle out about a case a day" (meaning a dollar).

"What do you do with your money?"

"Give it to my mother," said the boy.

"Have you a father, Puchio?"

"Nope."

"Got it crushed in a quartz mill," he answered.

"Paper, sir, paper?" and Puchio rushed for a passing car, full of business, disregarding danger, thinking only of disposing of his wares. Here was a youngster—only a slight newsboy, it was true—but still fighting a desperate battle for the maintenance of himself and mother and her little ones. Up at 5 in the morning, crying out his wares from corner

to corner, day after day, in summer or winter, struggling to live. It was an interesting study and tempted the TIMES man to follow it up and see how our newsboys spend their time, how they earn their money and where they live.

Pursuing his investigations, our reporter met another lad, and calling him over, purchased an Examiner from him.

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Harry Crumstick, sir."

"What do the boys call you?"

"Crummy," was the suggestive answer.

"Well, Harry, what do you earn a day?"

"Oh, 40 or 50 cents; but you ought to see my brother! My brother's got a crippled leg and a

running sore, and he makes \$1.50 to \$2 a day."

Here was business sagacity with a vengeance! It seemed as though deformed and crippled newsboys had a big advantage over their more healthful associates.

"What do you with your money, Harry?" asked the reporter.

"Gives it to my mother," was the reply, and he rushed away in search of another customer.

Newsboy after newsboy was interviewed that day by the TIMES man in his search for points. Nearly all of them told the same story of mothers to support, and the same story of early rising and of retiring in order to keep the wolf from the door.

THE CRYING RACKET.

Passing down Spring street toward evening, the reporter saw a little tot of a newsboy sitting on the curbstone, crying as if his heart would break. A lady, attracted by his sobs, paused to stoop and pat him on the head, kindly asking:

"What's the matter, my little fellow?"

"I—[boo-hoo!—] can't sell my papers [boo-hoo!], and I can't go home until I do." [boo-hoo!]

The sympathies of the lady were instantly aroused, and in a moment her hand was in her purse and a shining coin found its way into the newsboy's hand. The lady took his papers and passed on, no doubt blissfully happy in the thought of having done a good action. Hardly had she disappeared around the corner, when the boy arose with a smile of satisfaction on his dirty, tear-begrimed face, and turning around the corner to where a number of companions were, he said:

"Did yer see me work the crying racket? Der lady give me a quarter, see?" The whole crowd smiled their congratulations. This crowd of newsboys were nearly all Italians, and the reporter watched them for some time. They were full of all sorts of cunning tricks and devices to make a sale. The youngster who was working the "crying racket" took a number of papers from a larger boy, and started out again to work on the tender sym-

pathies of some other individual and make a sale. Among this crowd of boys was a little tot not more than 7 years old. To him the leader of the gang, one of the largest boys in the business, gave a single copy of the Examiner. The shades of night were now falling, and the streets were full of people, hurrying homeward. The little fellow held out his paper to a working-man who was passing, saying tearfully: "Express mister, please buy it! It's the last one I have." The working-man paused a moment, looked pityingly down upon the little fellow, and then slowly handed him a nickel. Examining the youngster ran back to the oldest boy, gave him the nickel, and this time approached a well-known gambler, who was standing on the corner, near the Nadeau. "Paper, sir, please buy this little urche's paper," said the little urche, called out to him: "last copy, mister—please buy it," and there was a perceptible wail of entreaty in the voice of the newsboy. He was a good little actor, this fellow, and the little urche had now have struck a responsive chord in the gambler's breast, for a quarter was placed in the youngster's hand, and with a "thank you, sir," he darted quickly to repeat his operation in some other part of the city.

It struck the investigator of THE TIMES that there must be an organized system among

of our newsboys, and when he met a little Italian, whose face was scarred in a frightful manner, and learned its cause, it stimulated his desire to learn the actual truth of their situation, and of the various other news vendors of the city. Approaching the purpose, the little urche now faced the reporter with his way into the boy's confidence by giving him a dime for an evening paper. The munificence of the pencil-pusher established a friendly footing between himself and the small merchant at once. As the reporter questioned the boy several of his companions drew near.

"What's your name, my boy?" asked the reporter.

"Mateo Ornani," answered the newsboy.

"What's the matter with your face?"

Up spoke a small member of the crowd, answering for the youth with the battered countenance:

"He-a father lick-a him 'cause he no sell-a out-a last-a night. Berry bad-a mon, him father."

The boy with the bruised face hung his head in sheepish silence, as the other boy continued:

"He-a get-a up 5 o'clock in de morning, come-a up town, sell-a de paper; work-a all day, have-a bad luck-a, no sell-a out-a, go home-a, catch-a de hell-a of a licking; no getta de suppa—no make de mon."

By persistent inquiries the reporter learned that on account of not having been successful the day previous with the sale of newspapers the boy had crept home, tired and hungry, at night, only to be beaten by a cruel father for his ill luck.

"Have you a mother?" asked the reporter.

"No-a gotta moth-a dis countree; she-a Italy."

"Where do you live?"

"Boyle Height, near de bridge."

"Me liv-a same place," spoke up another, as he entered the room, emptied the contents of his purse into the old woman's lap. Eagerly she counted the coins, and a satisfied grin escaped her, for the boy had been successful during the day. The boy in the mean time had made a hungry attack upon his supper, which consisted of a piece of black-looking bread, some garlic and cheese, and a glass of sour wine. The woman at this turned her attention to the reporter, and asked him in a surly tone what he wanted.

The reporter's knowledge of Italian was limited, so also was the woman's English, but as both spoke Spanish, a happy medium of conversation was found.

"I want to hire some boys to pick fruit," said the reporter. "Not any here," replied the woman in broken Spanish.

"What's the matter with this boy," returned the TIMES man.

"He no can work; he sell-a paper. How much you pay," she suddenly inquired.

"Fifty cents a day," answered the reporter.

The answer didn't please the woman for she instantly declined it, saying: "No, the boy make more money sell-a paper."

and to the reporter's astonishment he learned that all the boys, save one, live down the river bed, near each other; that they all have fathers here, and but one has a mother. It looked very much as though the padrone system of slavery was in vogue in our city, and it determined the reporter to thoroughly investigate the matter.

"Show me where you live," said the newspaper man to the boys.

"No can go home, now," replied the boy, "must sell-a out first." The reporter bought his papers on the spot, and then calling to the balance of the boys, nearly all of whom had sold out, to follow him, they all boarded a passing cable car and in a few minutes were plodding through the sand.

IN THE RIVER BED.

Coming to a dilapidated adobe house, one of the boys—the one with a mother—said: "Me liv-a here."

The reporter followed him into the house, while the other boys separated to their various quarters. Passing around to the rear of the house the reporter followed the little guide into a foul, ill-smelling room, where an old Italian crane sat rocking a dilapidated cradle, in which reposed a young baby a few months old. The boy, as soon



I CAN LICK YER, DAGO.

as he entered the room, emptied the contents of his purse into the old woman's lap. Eagerly she counted the coins, and a satisfied grin escaped her, for the boy had been successful during the day. The boy in the mean time had made a hungry attack upon his supper, which consisted of a piece of black-looking bread, some garlic and cheese, and a glass of sour wine. The woman at this turned her attention to the reporter, and asked him in a surly tone what he wanted.

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The boy by this time having finished his supper, went over to a corner of the room and laid his weary body down upon a pile of rags that was evidently intended for his bed. Just then one of the most villainous-looking specimens of humanity the reporter had ever article had ever encountered made his appearance. His face was destitute of any beard; one side was a complete scar, looking as though it had been boiled or scalded. His lips were very thick and protruding, with huge teeth gleaming between his jaws, giving him a ferocious and cruel appearance. To



Tired out, 8p-m.

him the reporter put his inquiry for help to pick fruit and the fellow for a small consideration, agreed to pilot the newspaper man to where he could find some boys to answer his purpose. The man led the way toward another shanty a few rods off. Pushing open the back door the reporter found himself in a two-roomed shanty, the walls of which were covered with the daily papers of Los Angeles. In the room sat around a table on which were a loaf of bread, some garlic and sour wine, were five, swarthy, dark-visaged Italians—great, big, brooding, brutal, who are supported by the earnings of the newsboys and such labor as they themselves do. There were a half a dozen young boys in the room, lying down on various piles of rags scattered around the floor. Two boys had just returned from their daily labor and were delivering over the contents of their purses. One boy, who had apparently played a hungry trick all day, stood trembling before a great, big Italian, who glared savagely down upon the youngster.

"Ha!" he grunted in English.

"You-a play-a day-a no make-a nothing; take-a dat!" and he struck the boy a blow in the face, that sent him reeling across the room. Without a murmur of complaint, but with a hungry look toward the windows on the sidewalk smoking cigarettes, the boy slunk away and laid down upon a bunk in one corner of the room. The other boy had evidently been more successful, for he received no blows, but sat down to his meal and disposed of it in a manner that indicated his hunger.

The fellow who had guided the TIMES man into the room had explained to the rest of the men the object of his visitor.

"How much-a you pay?" asked the brute who had struck the boy.

The reporter, profiting by his previous mistake, replied, "One dollar a day."

This seemed to impress the men favorably, and they proceeded to question the reporter closely as to the location of his fruit-ranch, the hours of labor and the food all the while. Satisfactory answers having been given to their inquiries, a bargain was struck, and the boys were hired to meet the newspaper man the following day at the house of the reporter.

Returning up town, but the reporter was not present. One surly fellow, who had had but little to say during the conversation, now arose, and the reporter, seeing the fellow's intention of pouring some of it into a dirty glass, and filling up other glasses for the balance of the men, asked the visitor to join them in a social drink. The reporter drank the miserable stuff with as good a grace as he could command, and after supplying them with cigars, endeavored to learn something of the history of the boys, but the Italians were very uncommunicative on this point. To an inquiry as to where the mothers of the boys were, they said they were all dead; that the boys were worthless, earned but little money all day, and remaining out half the night; they themselves worked when they could, but none of them could find any work to do. After a little while, the reporter, in a representative of THE TIMES took his departure with one last look around the squalid apartments, and the pale, pinched faces of the newsboys lying down around the room.

MORE DENS.

Other places visited that evening, in the river-bed, all gave evidence of the same character, indicating that the boys were virtually slaves, earning a living for worthless fellows, who subsisted on their labor.

Returning up town about 10 o'clock in the evening, the reporter met another small newsboy, who appeared to be partly Italian and partly French. He had not yet sold out, but was on his way home. The youngster said his name was Nicholas Lerol, and that he lived on Buena Vista street. He had no father, but supported his mother with his earnings. In answer to an inquiry as to what his mother



The Newsboys Code.

did for a living, the little fellow said she played a violin in a saloon.

AMONG THE SALOONS.

Following the boy to his home, near the upper end of Buena Vista street, the reporter soon found himself standing in a room in one of the old adobe houses so numerous in that locality. The room was cleaner and better kept than any previously visited, but was tenanted by a different set of people. It must be in the saloon, and pointed out a saloon a block distant, where he said his mother often played. The lad proceeded to get his supper, himself, and leaving him the reporter proceeded to the saloon designated. An illuminated glass sign hung in front of the building bearing the words, "BOY'S HALL."

From upstairs over the saloon the sounds of a creaking violin and discordant harp floated on to the night air, indicating that the "private ball" was in progress. The reporter, having of dark, rocky stairs, the searcher after life from the lowly found himself in a large room among a motley gathering of Mexicans, Indians, negroes, Italians, Basques and other nationalities. A dance was in full progress, and the reporter stood a few moments watching the scene. A native dude glided past him, closely followed by a half-breed, who was a beauty. Next came a couple of inebriated Teutons, attempting to waltz with each other. Then there were several specimens of the genus "mac" (macaroni), and a few more of the color houses that line New High street. Rivald sons, vile oaths and coarse laughter could be heard above the sounds of the instruments.

For some time the reporter watched the scene, and when he left the woman violinist was in a beastly state of intoxication—so much so that she was removed to a room in the rear of the bar, and a Mexican took her place to scrape away at the violin.

IN THE DIVES.

Leaving the place, and coming down town, the TIMES man saw a number of the boys he had met on the street that day, congregated around the Club Theater. One act was just over, and as the patrons of the dive came out they were importuned by the boys for their checks, in order to get in to see the show. Some were successful, and passed into the gaze upon the painted faces and scantily-clad forms of the actresses inhaling the smoke-laden atmosphere, and drinking the beer that is served during the acts.

In Chinatown, gazing in at the windows of the shops and stores, or seated on the sidewalk smoking cigarettes, the reporter also encountered other newsboys. These lads were homeless, supporting themselves by shining boots and selling newspapers, and perfectly at home wherever night overlook them. Sometimes they sleep in a 10-cent lodging-house on Los Angeles street.

A number of them find their meals among the Chinese restaurants in Chinatown. These are the gamins of our streets. Sharp as weasels, cunning and full of tricks, up to all sorts of dodges and devices to earn money, unscrupulous and dishonest, they constitute a force from which in time the great army of thieves and tramps is unfortunately too often recruited. Mott alley, on First street, is a favorite resort of these youngsters. Here they can be seen on any day "shooting craps," a gambling game of "heads or tails," that is played as follows: Two boys toss nickels at a line; the one coming the nearest to the line has the privilege of tossing up the coins and naming his choice of "heads" or



Pick a loss.

"tails." All the nickels that fall heads up are his, while the balance belong to the other player. Shaking dice for money is another favorite amusement of these boys. Quacken pictures and lurid dime novels can be found in their possession at all times. They are

A DETRIMENT TO ALL HONEST NEWSBOYS.

and the corrupters of many an innocent youngster sent out by his parents to earn a few bits to add to the family income.

Among our newsboys are many boys who belong to the families of laborers, and these many little fellows labor all day long to help in the support of their homes. Of course their education is neglected—many of them are unable to read or write—but they are shrewd, quick and bright, and many of them are the hope and support of their parents.

HOW THEY WORK.

During the week the reporter of THE TIMES continued his task of learning the manners, customs and habits of our 800 or more newsboys in this city. At 4 o'clock in the morning they begin to gather at the Times Building for their supply of papers, and they keep coming and going until after 7 o'clock.

One sees all classes, kinds and conditions of men, and pulling away at a genuine street arab—"Road-kid" is called by the fraternity, on account of his wandering from town to town, generally barefoot. With tattered clothes and torn hat, pulling away at a vile cigarette, he is the embodiment of toughness. He will fight at the drop of the hat, and is a bulldozer of all the boys. Then there are the shrewd, sharp little fellows.

THE "DAGOS."

or Italian boys, with cunning and avare written all over their faces. They are among the largest purchasers, and usually earn the most money. Another type is the American boy, selling papers to help his mother or father. He is more polite, looks cleaner and more intelligent than his companions. He is not as aggressive, however, as the road-kid, nor as shrewd as the Dago—consequently his earnings are much less.

A "NAPOLEON OF PIRENEANCE."

Not long since, the newsboys were thrown into a panic of excitement by the financial operations of one of the Italian boys known as "Dago Sam." On the evening paper of this city they have the following system of giving the boys their papers: The boy that buys the most of the first edition gets a ticket entitling him to the first place in line when the last edition is sold to the boys; and of course this is the most desirable of all editions, and the boys first on the street with it usually sell out the quickest. Dago Sam is a Ferdinand Ward of Finance, and his shrewd mind soon turned the plan to advantage. One afternoon not long since, he bought the largest number of the first edition, and secured ticket No. 1. The custom among the boys is that the first boy in line buys the papers for the "tail-enders," collecting one paper from each as his commission. In accordance with this provision, Dago Sam received from the "tail-enders" \$2.70 to buy their papers. Instead of purchasing, however, Sam decamped with the money. He absconded home, leaving the boys to wall and mourn the loss of the money. The next evening, Sam, with a wicked and nerveless plan in front of the window, as though nothing had happened, but Vengeance, with a large V, was on his track. He was summarily mounted by a crowd of the boys whom he had defrauded, and

after receiving a good beating, was compelled to return most of the money. According to the latest returns Sam, however, still owes the following depositors these amounts: "Dutchy," 10 cents; "Dago Bistrot," 10 cents; "Jim de Dago," 25 cents; "Hookstrap," 10 cents; "Peantuts," 5 cents; and Dago Sam refuses to liquidate these claims. Preferring to fight rather than to pay, "Dutchy" expressed it to the

TIMES man, when telling him about it, "What's a kid ter do? Dese Dagos don't fight square, dey bite and throw rocks. Bet yer life, Sam," said Dutch, turning to that youthful financier, "I kin lick yer right now, fair fist." Dago Sam only smiled contemptuously and said: "You noa lick-a nothing! Come-a get-a you mon; you no good-a! Go off and a die." As Sam was the biggest of the two, Dutch declined to collect his coin.

THEIR SALES—HOW TRADE RUNS.

Intent on learning more of their lives, the reporter questioned a large number, the other afternoon, back of the Panorama building, while they were waiting to receive their evening papers; and the tales told by these boys will prove of interest to all advertisers, and especially of THE TIMES.

The oldest boy in the business is "Alligator." His right name is Henry Adams, and he lives with his parents. "Alligator" earns from \$2 to \$2.50 a day. He usually sells 20 TIMES, 10 HERALDS and 8 TRIBUNES. "Alligator" is a bright, manly-looking boy, and is the sole support of his family, as his father at present is out of work.

Fred Inker is another pioneer newsboy, having been in the business in this city for over five years. Fred earns \$2 a day. His father is a shoemaker, but in delicate health, and this young boy is almost the sole support of a large family. Fred usually sells on week-days 20 TIMES, 10 HERALDS and 4 TRIBUNES. On Sunday, Fred says THE TIMES always sells the best; he sells 50 TIMES, 10 HERALDS and 10 TRIBUNES.

Jim Brothers, better known among his comrades as "Dago Jim," is another pioneer and a rustler. Jim has been selling papers for over five years, and also helps to support his family. He usually sells 20 TIMES, 10 HERALDS and 8 TRIBUNES. On Sunday, he sells 50 TIMES, 10 HERALDS and 10 TRIBUNES.

"Graveyard," whose right name is Charles Wilson, has been in the business five and a half years, and helps to support his parents. "Graveyard" also disposes of more TIMES than any other paper. His sales are usually 20 TIMES, 15 HERALDS and 15 TRIBUNES.

Charles Williams lives on Georgia street, and is a bright-faced, active newsboy. He usually sells 20 TIMES, 10 HERALDS and 6 TRIBUNES. On Sunday he sells 40 TIMES, 12 HERALDS and 10 TRIBUNES.

"Dutchy," whose right name is Edward Myers, lives with his parents and earns about \$1 a day, which he gives to his parents. He usually sells 20 TIMES, 10 HERALDS and 6 HERALDS. Sundays "Dutchy" disposes of 30 TIMES, 12 HERALDS and 10 TRIBUNES.

Two unusually bright boys are Julius and George Black. Two young Jewish boys, who are the sole support of a widowed mother and their sisters. They earn between them about \$2 a day, and as their family has no other means of support, they are carrying a burden far beyond their years. They sell 24 TIMES, six HERALDS and four TRIBUNES daily.

George Madden is a little newsboy only 7 years old, and lives on Temple street. This youngster attends school all day and sells papers afterwards to help his father, who is a carpenter, out of employment.

Robert Morrow lives on Boyle Heights. His father is out of work, and Robert assists in earning the family living. He sells 15 TIMES, six TRIBUNES and eight HERALDS daily.

Charles Turner lives on Boyle Heights, and assists in supporting a widowed mother. Charles is a bright, winsome little fellow, and sells 10 TIMES, four TRIBUNES and six HERALDS daily.

To go through the whole line of the 300 newsboys in this city and learn their daily sales would take up too much space; but enough has been shown to throw a very large and bright calcium light on the disputed subject of circulation.

JUVENILE CURIOSITY.

While the reporter was engaged in interviewing the boys he was the object of marked attention from the newsboys, as they clustered around him.

"Say," said one, "what yer want to put us kids in der paper for?" "Say, are you a TIMES reporter?" Well, dat's all right; der TIMES is der boss, you bet!" "Hey, kids," sung out another, "come-a and give you der none paper man here! What's der matter wid yer?"

"Say, mister," said a loser by Dago Sam's financial operations, "don't yer put Dago Sam's name in der TIMES; he's no good—dat's wot!"

—STROKE OF POLICY.

"Say, Dicer," said another boy to the reporter, "what's der matter wid der TIMES buyin' us kids a watermelon?" The reporter complied with the request and sent a youngster for a couple of melons. A yell of approval greeted the appearance of the messenger sent for the melons, and the reporter left them devouring the fruit.

Altogether it had been a curious experience, this delving into the lives of our newsboys. It revealed few cases of actual depravity, many cases of heart-rending poverty, and many, many cases of manly little fellows bending every nerve to support a widowed mother or aid a struggling father to earn a livelihood. They need encouragement as a whole; they are nearly all good, honest, industrious boys; but on the streets all day, learning nothing but trickery and cunning and deceitfulness, some means should be devised to at least give them a decent education, and also to look after the homeless among them.

Roosting Lower.

(Sunday World.)

The Tribune is not quite so Boycrotious in its exultation over the outcome of the Soldiers' Home investigation, as one might have been led to expect from the way in which it launched its alleged sensation.

Do You? Well, Why Not?

(Banning Herald.)

We would like to see some newspaper that is advertising the Microbe Killer after the LOS ANGELES TIMES' unanswered exposure have the manliness to kick the ad. out of its columns.



SAUNTERER.

Streetcars are a desirable feature of city life when they are run for the benefit of the public. But given a streetcar with a conductor and a driver that look straight ahead, and whose ears are evidently more appendages for ornament rather than for hearing, they are not really of much account. I was down on Main street Monday. The one-horse car was moving slowly along in the direction of the city's center with but two passengers aboard to pay running expenses. Only half a block away, on one of the side streets, was a woman running, swinging her umbrella and whistling to the best of her ability to catch the eye and



the ear of the conductor of that car. But in vain. Though hardly more than a quarter of a block away, she was as deaf as a post. She was as deaf and as stupid as a stone. She was concerned with the adorning of her person, and she stood looking neither to the right nor the left, but with vision moveless and steadfast, fixed upon her bottled steed. It was aggravating and the little woman poured out some justifiable anathemas on his asinine stupidity.

It is gratifying to see that work has already been commenced looking to the improvement of the City Hall lot. The great thing to be regretted, though, is that the grounds are not larger. What an improvement it would be if they took in all the land beyond the building to the corner of Third street. What a veritable garden of beauty we might then have in the very heart of the city. This fine building ought to have such rare setting, it would greatly enhance its beauty. But we will be thankful for small favors and the adorning of what little ground belongs to our new City Hall. It may be made a green and charming oasis amid the wilderness of brick, where the eye of the passerby will find rest and the cool palms and the blossoming beauty of the place. Let such spots be multiplied in our midst.

I saw two happy-hearted little fellows running a race this morning, out upon a bicycle and the other upon foot. How the little chap upon the wheel did bend himself to his task. Every muscle was astir and all the physical force of his frame was centered in the small legs that plied the pedals. A swifter and swifter were the revolutions, lower and lower did he stoop, catching now and then a deep, full breath, and then on and away over the smooth pavement of Fort street till his wheel looked like a twinkling circle without spokes. And the little boy on



foot, dear me! how he did run. Both legs doubled up, both arms flying like two propelling shafts, and two little legs that seemed light as air fairly skimming over the ground, hardly seeming to touch it as they passed. Bravo! my lad, you are gaining on the wheel! Legs in the long run are the best things to run with. You are like a racehorse, full of fire and spirit. The soul of brother Jonathan is in you. You are bound to win against odds. "Fortum favore brave," the adage saith, and she comes to you now. A little stone is in the wheelman's path, and brave though he be, he has met his Waterloo, and down he goes with his wheel flat upon the pave.

Generous boy, you have won, but you do not triumph over him. It was a brave race, but braver and better were the words of the victor: "Poor Ted! that's too bad, and I'm sorry. I don't think I could have ketcht you at all, for you was just gittin' splendid. Does' cry, Teddie, and we'll try it again."

Large-hearted, little hero, I wanted to take off my hat to him.

Don't you see from this busy, arid, selfish men of the world, that







## The Times.

## LAY SERMONS.

Nature has by the wayside many preachers—voices speaking to men who heed them not, eloquent though they are, with many lessons for our help.

Yonder is a eucalyptus tree, thrusting its tall trunk upward eighty feet toward the blue dome of sky. How the light breeze sways its shimmering leaves! How the sunlight glories its topmost boughs. The earth at its base lies in shadow, for the sun is going down, but there is a golden glow upon its highest boughs. It leans above the earth, and seems to say, O earth, above thy shadows is the sunshine. Though you are in darkness, higher up the light still shines. I see beyond the west where the sun is sinking, and there is light there. I turn my face to the east, where, when the night has passed, a new dawn will brighten, another day appear. Only for a little time are the shadow and the night, and even they shall be lessened by the coming of the starlight. O, Earth! Earth! look up!

How like faith is that monarch tree with its leaves breathing in the upper air! How gloriously free and unshackled is it! How it drinks in the warmth of the sunshine, the purity of the atmosphere! The passing breezes toy with its leaves but to give them strength. Slender though their stems, they are not broken, for they move with the breeze and float with the currents of air. O, if we were only like them! If we could but let faith lift us high, as the tree lifts its airy boughs, where we could catch the light and glory of God's love—if, instead of resisting His will, we would let our lives be swayed by His purposes and His love as the leaves are swayed by the breeze, we should never be broken by sorrow and disappointment any more than are the tiny stems of the leaves broken by the sweep of the winds which stir them. This is the lesson of faith which the trees teach us. And still another lesson do they preach. When the tempest comes, and black clouds of storm veil the heavens, when the winds are unloosed and the strong tempest blows them like a blade of grass, how their giant trunks bend, how like suppliants, and then lift themselves again erect against the tempest. How are strengthened the sturdy old trunks by such battalions, how sweeps with fresh vigor the circling sap through their veins! There is a new shimmer to their leaves, and a sound like the melody of a wind harp through their topmost boughs. So, for you, O man, swept by the tempest of temptation, bowed by the awful storm of trial and sorrow, yet helped by God's grace to resist and conquer, when the storm has passed, and again you are lifted up where the clear, unshaken light of God's love shines on you, you feel stronger for the tempest through which you have passed, and which has brought spiritual health to your soul.

Do you doubt God's love? Come with me and look upon this tender little wayside flower. It brightens no garden; it is tended by no human hands. Not long ago it was but a dry and tiny seed. The winds blew it into its resting-place and covered it with sheltering particles of soil. The clouds gathered overhead and poured down the gentle rains to water it. Then again the winds blew and dispersed the clouds. Soft and warm fell the sunlight upon it. The soil like a gentle mother nurtured it and soon its roots unfolded and its tender leaves were lifted timidly above the ground. Day by day, warmed by the sunlight, nurtured by the soil, it grew, till and by and by above its small green leaves the perfect blossoms unfolded to glad human eyes and brighten the hour. What is its voice to you? "If God so clothed the flowers of the field, how much more shall he clothe you, O ye of little faith!"

Yonder, beyond the hills, is a field of corn. Every day the stalks are lifted higher. Folded in its green sheath the ear appears, and then comes the full corn in the ear. Day by day it ripens until it is ready for the harvest. Just so much moisture, just so much sunshine is needed for its perfection. Does Nature know how much? No; but behind all Nature's laws is the force of intelligent will. God gives the sunshine and the shower, and it is His bounty that bestows upon us the ripened grain. "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it," He saith to us from every field of corn and grain that covers the land.

The vast sierra wall lifts itself beyond the borders of the Angel city. How grand, and firm and majestic they rise, as if rested upon them the dome of eternal skies. Their bright crests catch the first golden gleam of the sunrise and the last shining beam of the departing day. Their rocky fronts proclaim their strength. How do they remind us of the hiding places of God's power, and as the eagle circles above them, his eye fixed upon the sun, and his strong pinions outspread we are reminded of Jehovah's promise, "I will cover thee with my wings—in the shadow of my wings ye may trust."

Climb to the heights about the city and cast your eyes over the extended landscape. Far and wide do the fertile plains stretch away, crowned with vineyards whose grapes are like the grapes of Eschol, with orchards lying upon the borders of wide pastures where the cattle feed; view the vast extent of sea, whose balmy breezes take from our sunburnt faces the sultry heat, and if its billows are lashed by tempests and broken upon the shore, hear the voice saying, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea than the mighty waves of the sea," and learn the unflinching lesson of trust.

Are you a stranger among us, far from home, and weary and lonely, standing on these heights, view the

great line of encircling hills which are about us on every hand, and listen to the comforting words which they speak to you, "Like as the mountains are around about Jerusalem; so is the Lord round about His people."

Traverse the plains where our orchards lift themselves like emeralds to the sun amid the green fields of alfalfa fed by living moisture, and still again to your ears comes the voice of blessed hope for the future: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Do the lowlands still stretch out at your feet, unfolding to the embracing hills, as you raise your eyes to the breezy uplands, where the golden sunlight lingers still, your soul thrills with exultation as you whisper, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

There is not a mountain or hilltop; not a blade of grass nor a budding flower; not a swaying leaf nor a whispering breeze; not a growing thing in the world of Nature, but hark! speak for us of God's love and care for us, if we will but hear its voice. They are friends and teachers, prophets prophesying gloriously. They tell us that we need not fear, that we shall not fail, and that God's love is over all and in all blessed forever. The immensity of sky proclaims the infinitude of His love, and the boundless sunshine is the emblem of God's immeasurable love.

## SAN FRANCISCO.

Dress Notes from the Coast Metropolis.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 3.—(Correspondence of THE TIMES.) I wonder if the birds are ever sorry that hats were introduced. Poor slaughtered birds! But perhaps it would not make much difference anyway, because I suppose if women did not perch the dear little creatures on their hats they would like the ravages, use their feathers to adorn their person.

Certain it is that the wings and plumage of birds never go out of fashion, despite column upon column of newspaper articles devoted to talking against the killing of these harmless wanderers of the air, whose glossy breasts and spangled wings are among the most charming objects in Nature. A recent writer on this subject says: "Let any one judge for himself to what extent the earth would suffer were it ever to experience a sensible decline in the number of the feathered tribes, which are objects of delight to all observers of Nature, and which retain the woodland in its glory and stillness that pervade those vast forests in North America and in Russia where the song of birds is never heard."

When we think of such a terrible calamity as this, with any reasonable fear of such a thing ever happening, we ought to be quite willing to set our wills firmly against the practice of having birds killed in order that hats may be embellished. But the trouble is, that in this, as in most other calamities, we will not seek to remedy the evil until it is upon us. "Opening day" in large letters greeted us from most of the milliners' windows last week, so we had a chance to see what is going to be worn for the fall and winter season. The first thing one notices is that the bonnets are smaller than ever, if such a thing can be possible, and they are not only very small, but they have scarcely any crown at all. The hats are also exceedingly flat, and most of them have very wide brims in front, diminishing to almost nothing in the rear.

Flowers are quite out, and in their place we have velvet and plush, fruit, grapes and cherries being in particular very stylish. Ostrich tips are used in abundance, and wings, quills, feather bands, owls, parrots, blackbirds and lovebirds, with extra long tails, are used in profusion. A new and difficult combination is of blue and green, the blue approaching to turquoise, and combined with bottle green. An odd and pretty hat in this combination was covered with green velvet, the edge of the brim being finished off with a narrow jet band; the crown was loose, and encircled by two rows of black cock's plumes; a tuft of turquoise blue feathers was arranged in the middle of the black, narrow blue velvet strings completing the unique affair.

Strings, by the way, are all the go; but they are no longer fastened to the sides of the bonnet. No, they come from the extreme middle of the back, are very narrow, and are attached to loops, hats and bonnets alike. There is a certain light yellow that bids fair to quite eclipse the reds so popular last winter; it is a beautiful color, too, a sort of sunshine gold, exquisitely becoming to a fair skin if combined with black, as it usually is, quite appropriately reminding one of sunshine on a cloudy day.

A charming hat in this color had the yellow velvet laid smoothly over the crown, with the brim in black velvet. Small black ostrich feathers encircled the crown, and a tiny bow of yellow velvet was perched on the very edge of the brim, giving a cute, coquettish effect to the whole. A hat in the same color had the yellow velvet shirred all over the crown, the brim being black and a bunch of black velvet cherries for trimming.

So many for hats, and now a few words as to party dresses, since the season will soon be upon us. The favorite dress is undoubtedly to be of the favorite lisseover silk. These filmy lisses are (excuse the gushy girls) lovely as a dream; in fact, quite too ethereal for the independent, tennis-playing girl of the present; they seem to belong more to the drooping-shouldered, clinging girl of other days.

They come in all the delicate tints of pink, and blue, and green and white, and are embroidered in shaded silks all over the surface. An exquisite one in black was embellished in gold and silver, and laid over gold-colored tulle from rise. Another in palest green had flowers and leaves in pink and shaded green, and still another beautiful pattern was of pink, embroidered in green. "How lovely!" I hear all you ladies exclaim in chorus. Yes, indeed; nothing prettier could be imagined in the way of party dresses, and the girl of the season, when she dons one of these, will look like an angel just dropped from the clouds, only minus the wings, of course, which she probably shed before she came down.

## What to Wear.

Fancy worsted suitings are in vogue, drab and wood-brown, and in muted shades of gray. For tourists and business wear, fancy chevrons and homespuns have the preference. Trouserings in stripes and plaids are in a variety of very quiet and genteel shades. We have just secured the services of a high-class New York cutter, and our garments are equal in every respect to those of the very finest New York houses. Suits from \$35 up; trousers from \$10 up. Polaski Bros., 114 North Main street.

## AN ODD-HOUR SPINNING.

Just now Southern California is in her bellehood. She is royally lovely in these tender, pensive October moods, as the year drifts into days of languid, melancholy beauty and heightened color. In these delicious Afternoons, when the shadows grow longer, and a golden haze broods among the hills, and the high outlines of the horizon stand sharp against the sky like clear-cut cameos, hearts throbb with a keener zest for life. It seems like an indignity to Nature to turn away from her, in these days, arrayed as she now is in such matchless beauty, displaying to us her countless charms and wooing us to her arms.

As I write, though the air is full of lazy, languid hints, it seems to be steeped in sunshine—not the merely-beating sunshine of the eastern midsummer, but one that is subdued, tender, all-pervading. You can—no—fairly dip it up with your hands, as children dip water from a brook. You absorb it. It gets to mingling with the blood in your veins, and life runs on smoother and quieter for its being there. It is indeed a day of balm and sweetness in Southern California.

Up to the very moment of their overwhelming and destructive descent the surfaces of the snow-slides in our mountains present the same solid appearance to the eye, while far beneath, removed from human view, forces are at work, noiselessly loosening every hold of the mighty mass of snow, until but a tenuous remains, which the shock of a single breath may snap. So Satan busily works in the heart of man. He labors to undermine the Holy of faith, and obedience, and hope, and confidence, tearing them asunder and implanting in their stead, drop by drop, the subtle poison of unbelief, of sin as a temporary expedient, of a trust in self. To take the guilt out of sin is Satan's highest diplomacy.

If only parents in Los Angeles could come to realize that there is an infernal magnetism in bad company. It is a bondage on the mind and heart of their children more dreadful than any chains on the wrist. The popular proverb is profoundly true—"A man is known by the company he keeps." He keeps only what he likes. The man is not truthfully induced by the company in which he may happen to be found at any particular time—nor by any accidental contact of society—but by that which takes the shape of close friendships. The man who begins walking in the condition of the ungodly finds himself at home at last in the seat of the scornful.

It was Chesterfield who said: "Everything suffers from translation, except a bishop." Mr. Grant White insists that it shall be "practitioner," instead of "practitioner." In a copy of the Princeton Review, George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., says: "Novices are permanently disgusted by a daily bath in the details of grammar." We should think as much. If we should follow out closely the result of this translation, it would not be difficult to believe that Socrates was a flat-nosed old fellow who shed fleas with wax.

In a recent after-dinner speech the Governor of Connecticut expressed the opinion that the "newspapers were becoming more and more the agents by which the people were educated." The educating influence of the press is notably shown in the growing desire that the preachers shall attend more strictly to the Biblical injunction to "preach Christ." It is an unfortunate fact, that whenever the usually pleasant relations existing between the press and the preacher are disturbed, it is the fault of the preacher. The preacher, apt enough in keeping the Ten Commandments, willfully violates the eleventh, "Thou shalt mind thine own business." Pulpiters who presume upon a censorious tone of the press are generally men who live much in a few doctrinal books, know very little of the practical, business side of humanity. This man is quite always posing as a reformer of some sort—especially a reformer of the press. He constitutes himself a kind of moral police force, for the regulation of the lives and habits of the people about him. This man knows very little about preaching, perhaps, but he knows all about the newspaper business. C. B. C.

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